

X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE

10 SEINIX



ADAM ROBERT
DMK



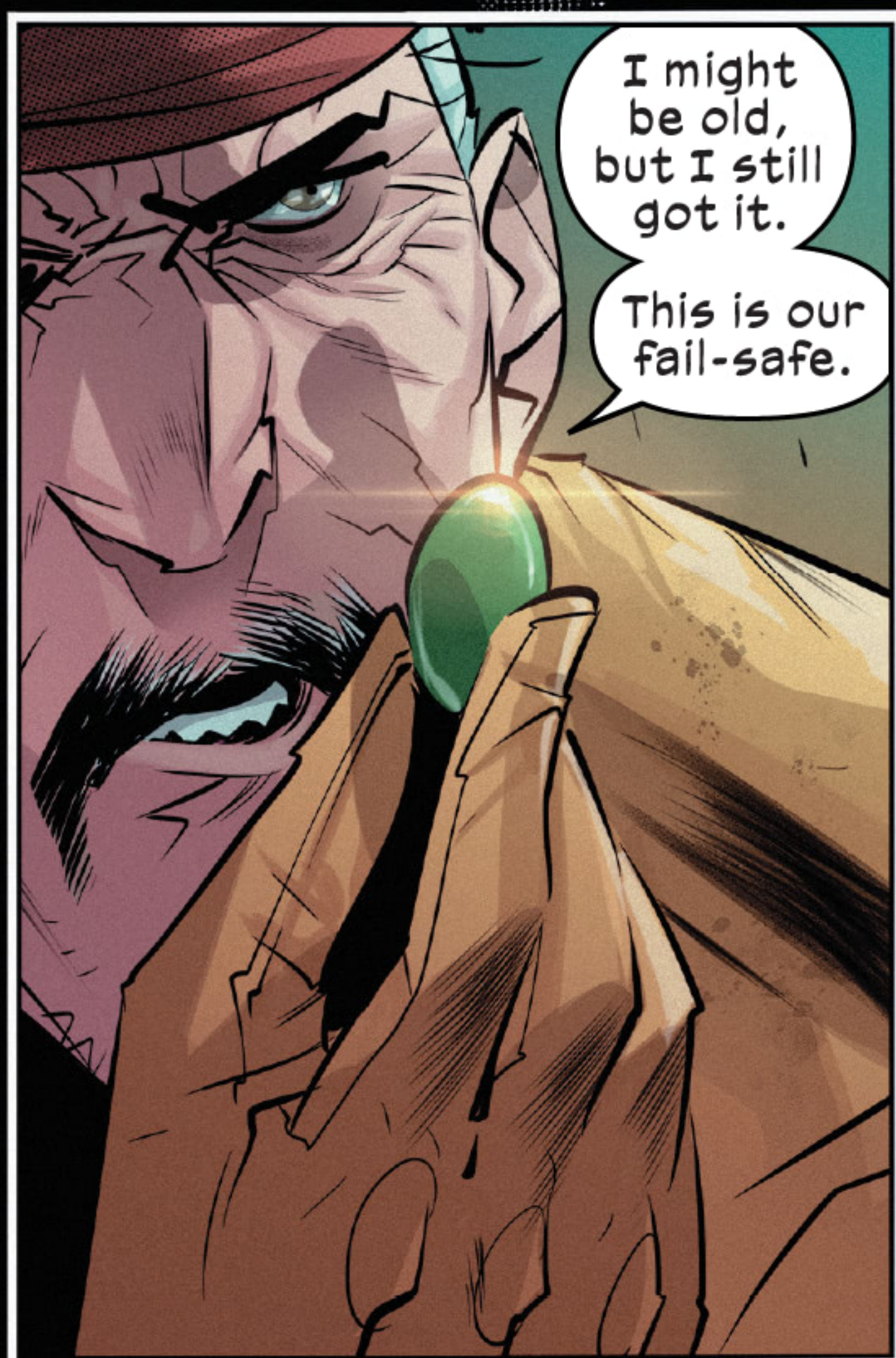
We're getting close to the end.

That's why I called you in here.



You figured it out?

The near future. The Armory. Krakoa.



I might be old, but I still got it.

This is our fail-safe.



The same organic tech that allows us to gateway across geographies *should* allow you to gateway through time.

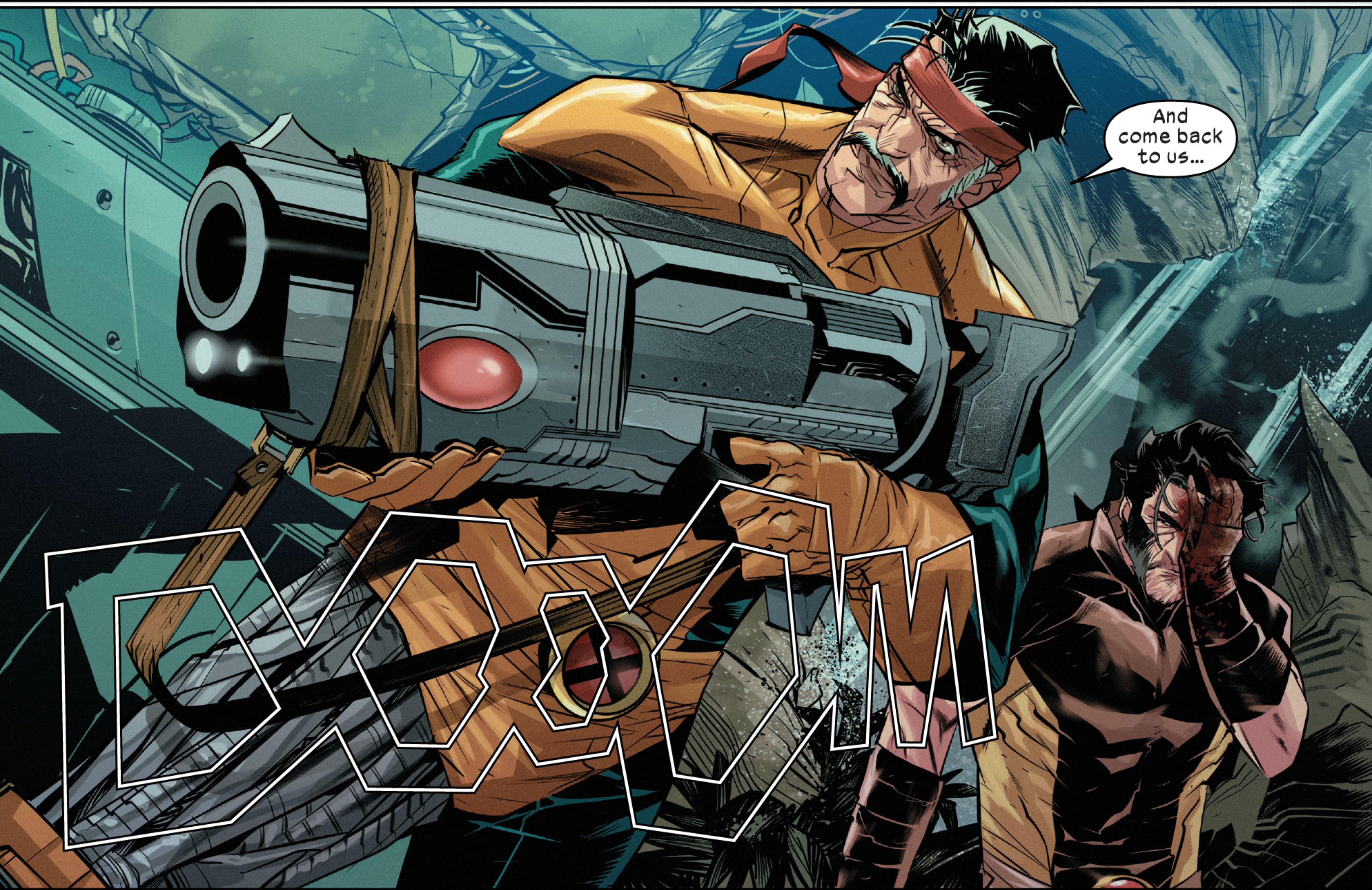
Should, huh?



Should. Like you said, the end's almost here.

No time for beta testing.

DOOM





CHOOM

BOOM

...when
you figure
out how this
happened...

...and how to
stop it from ever
happening.

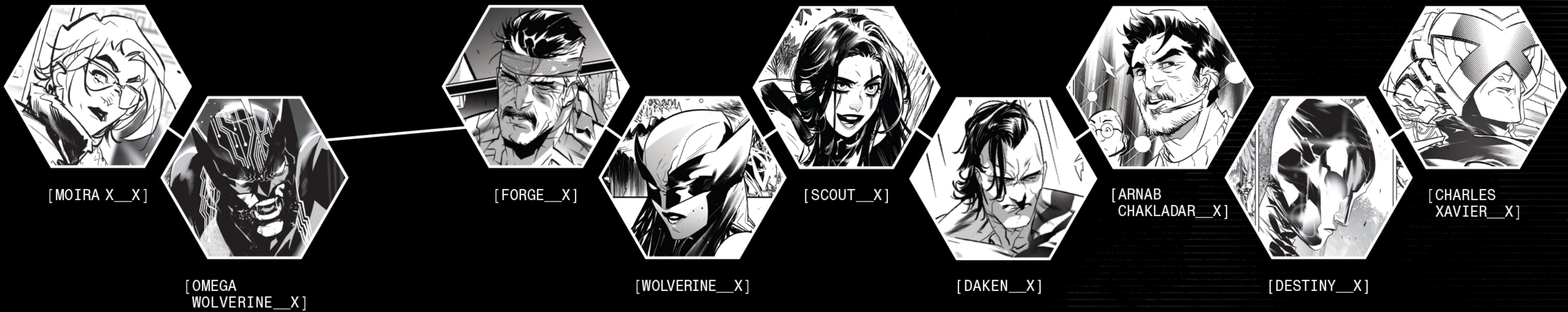


DEATHS OF FUTURE PAST

Moira MacTaggart is on the run -- from Krakoa, from the C.I.A. and from a mysterious figure that emerged out of a strange black pod, looking like a cybernetically charged Wolverine.

For perceived crimes against mutantkind, Mystique and Destiny used Forge's neutralizer gun to strip Moira of her mutant ability to resurrect and restart the timeline. To further her troubles, the now-fully mortal Moira has just discovered she has stage four cancer and has desperately turned to inventor Arnab Chakladar for a way to cheat death permanently.

Meanwhile, Wolverine's closest allies, Laura, Gabby and Daken, have chased down the mysterious hunter, who revealed that he is in fact Wolverine, traveled from the distant future where machines have defeated mutants with the help of a robotic Moira. But that's only part of the story...



DEATHS OF FUTURE PAST

X_4

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The far future.
The Preserve.

Moirra.
It was you
all along.

I saved
you.

I saved
you all, over
and over and
over.

And then,
when you
finally got what
you wanted, you
thanked me
how?

By stripping
away my powers,
exiling me.

You should
have killed me
when you had
the chance.



I survived on the run as a revolutionary or a terrorist, depending on what flavor you prefer.



Then they captured me...



...and I lost years to torture and experimentation in their labs.



Finally, they threw me in here--the Preserve--treating me like some zoo animal.



I escaped more than once.



Always hunting for a root cause.

Trying to figure out how and why all the other mutants were eradicated.



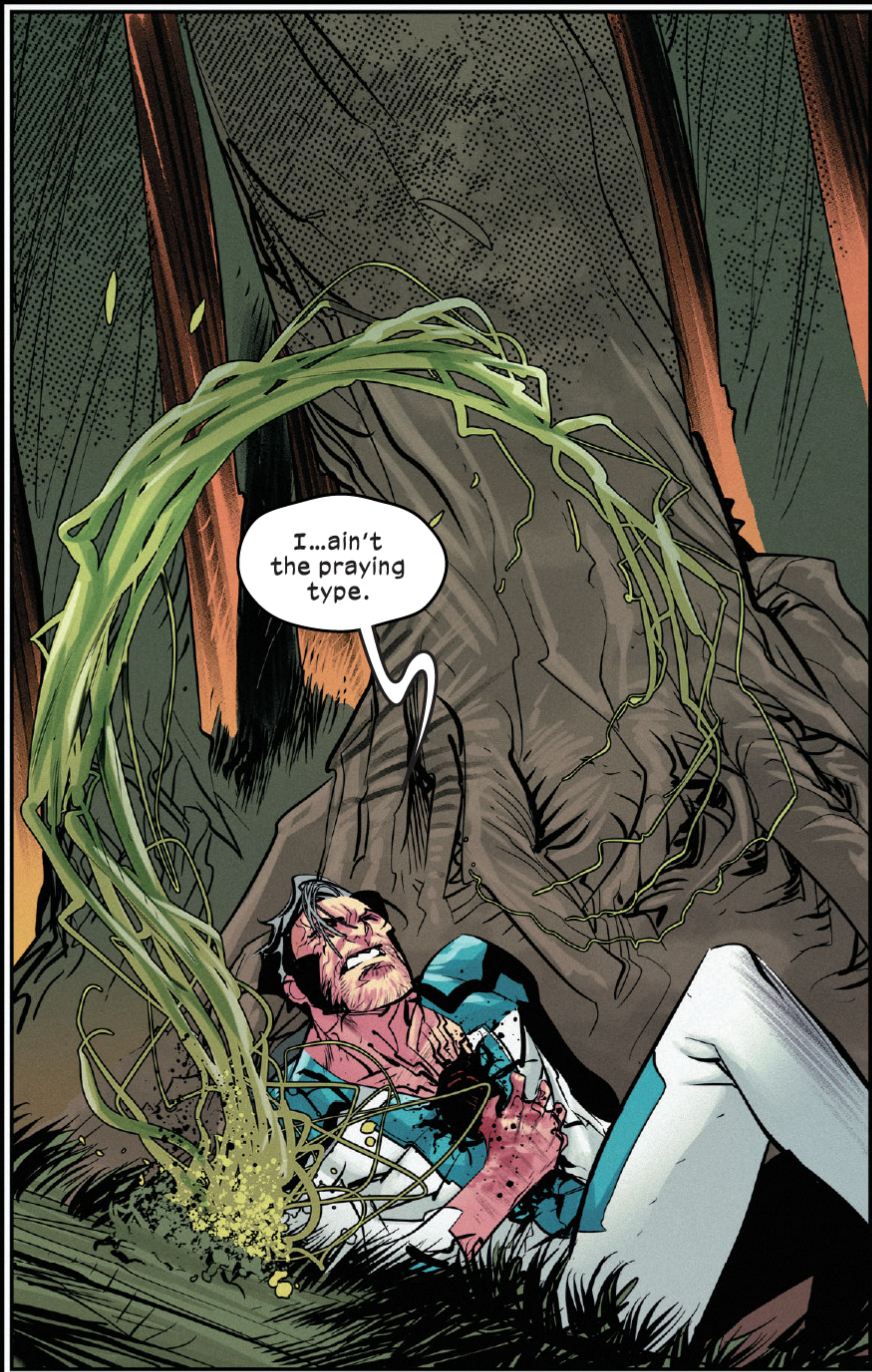
Now, after all this time, I've found it.

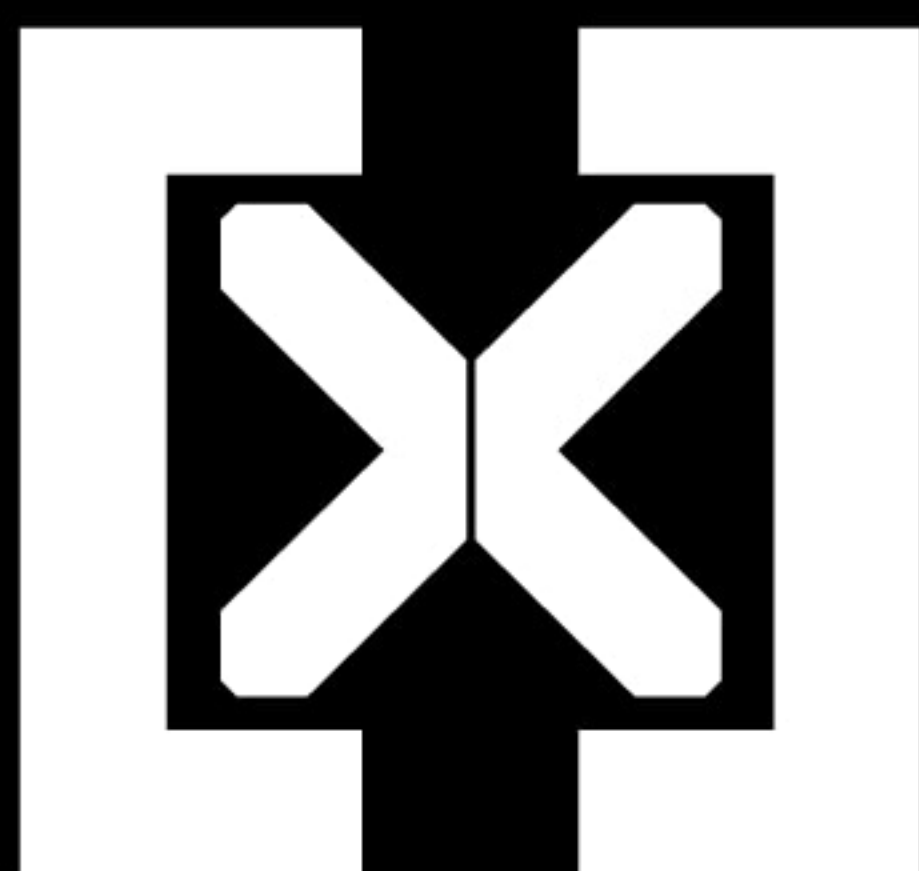


Please.



Please work.





“People always talk about the future as if it’s bright, promising, limitless. Because people -- whether human or mutant -- are in denial of their mortal coil. The only thing you can count on is the last gulp of air you took into your lungs and whatever you’re holding in your hand. If there’s one certainty to the arc of the universe, it’s this: The future is death. The second law of thermodynamics teaches us this. My own lives have shown me this. Unless we escape physics. Unless we escape biology. Unless consciousness is not yoked to the physical world that will fall to ruin. I’m talking about a digital cerebrum. The brain-net. The potentiality of the Phalanx. Therein lies the ultimate power of immortality.”

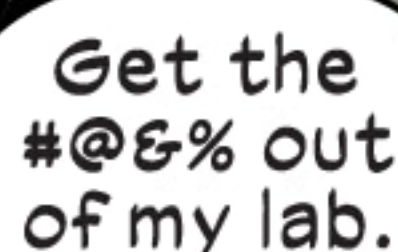
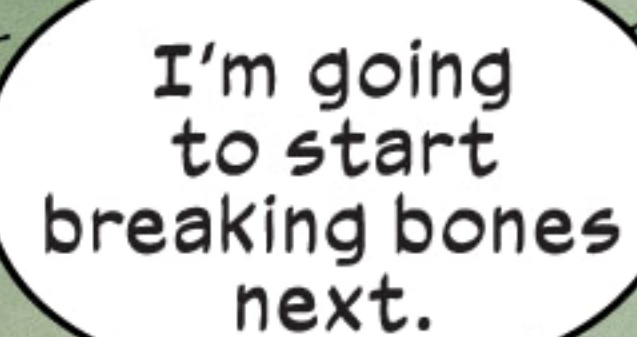
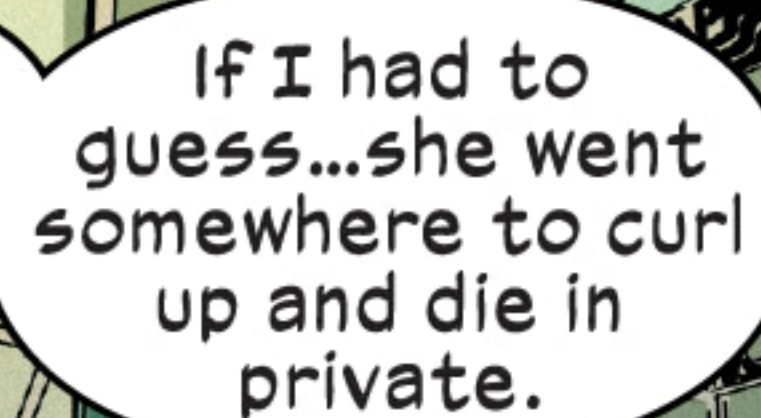
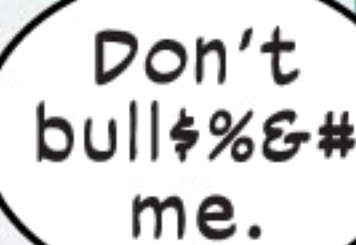
-- MOIRA MacTAGGERT

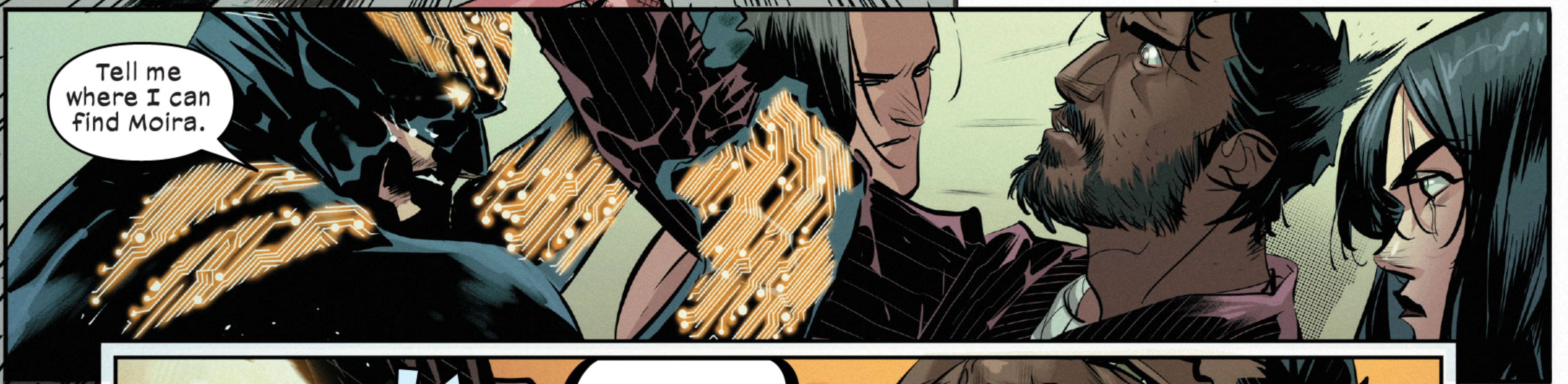
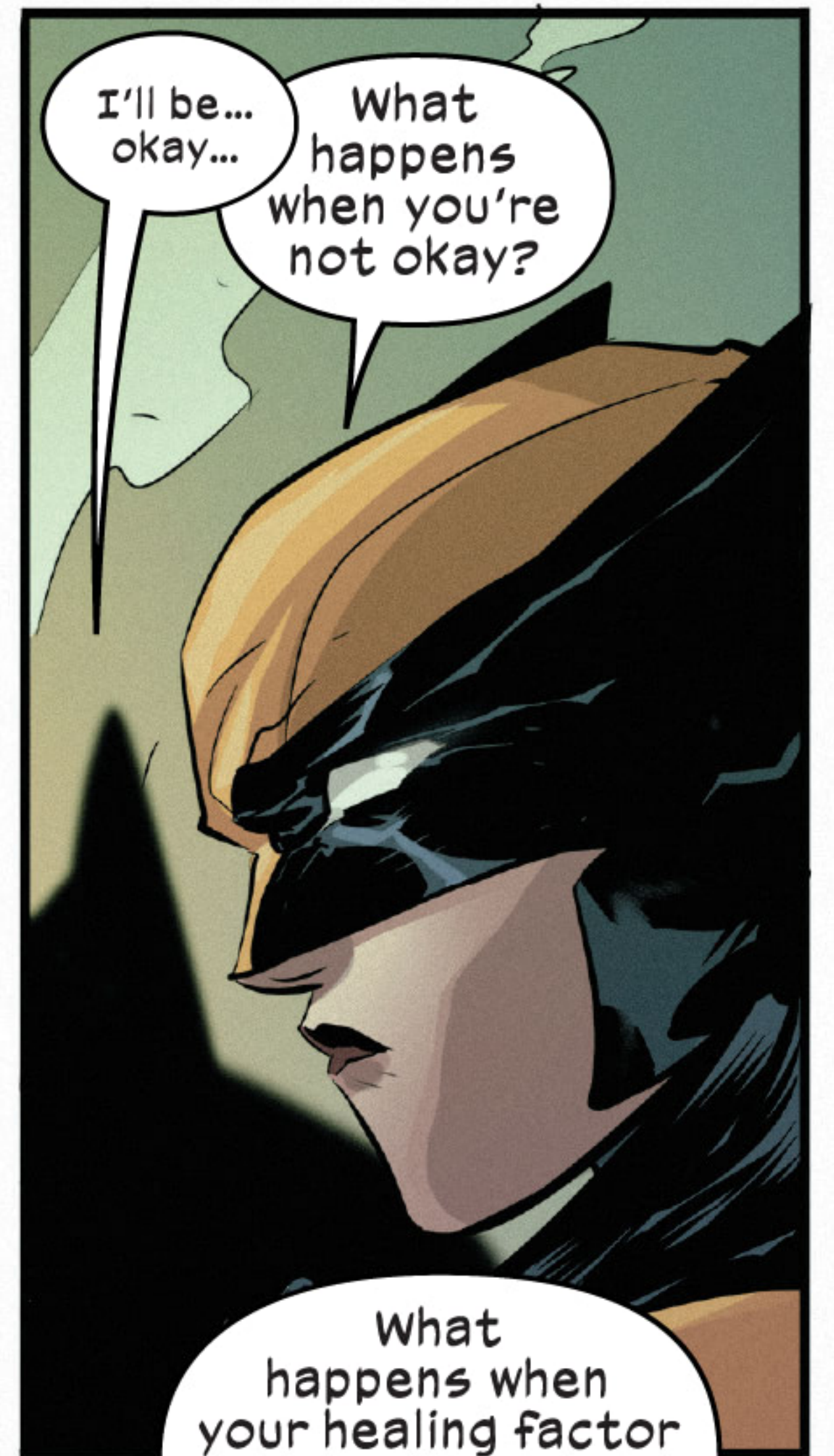
[moira....[0.0]
[x.....[0.0]

[moira....[0.0]
[x.....[0.0]











You think you're on the right side of history.

But let me tell you about the future. Because I've seen it.



This is Daken.

He dies quickly. In an energy blast from a Sentinel.



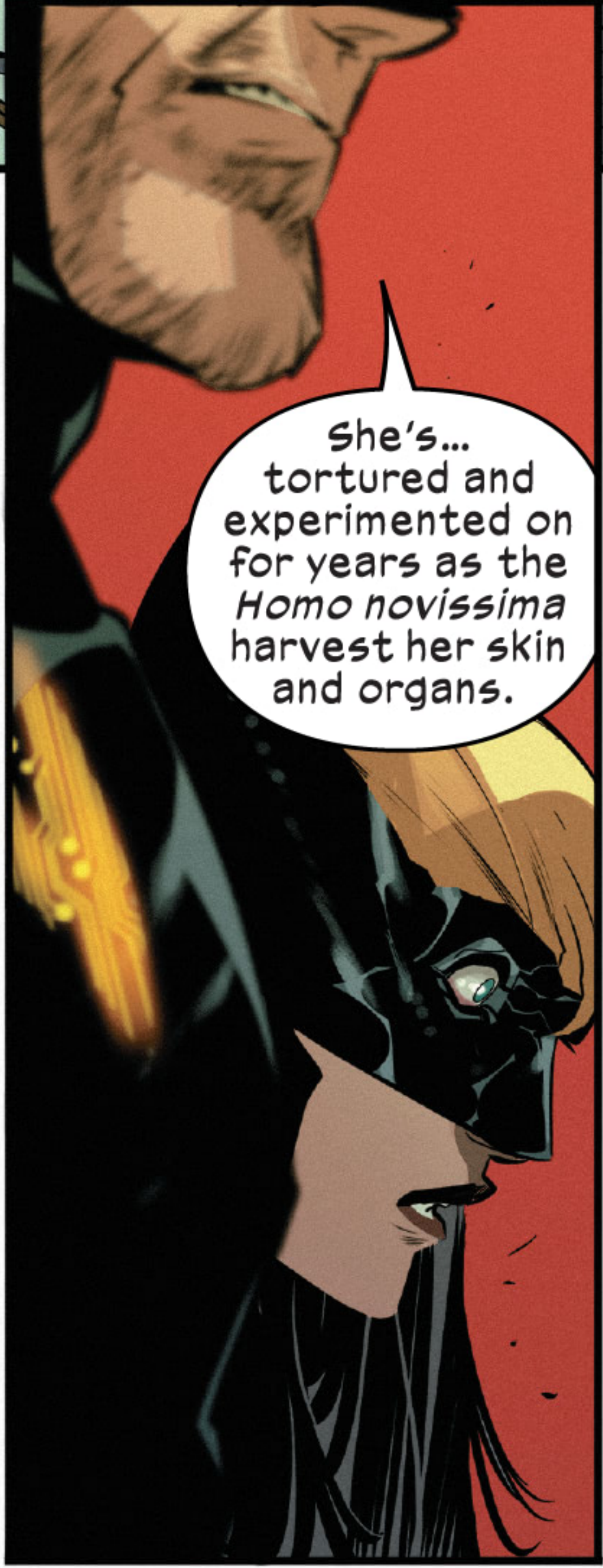
This is Scout.

She's depowered by Nimrod and ripped in half.

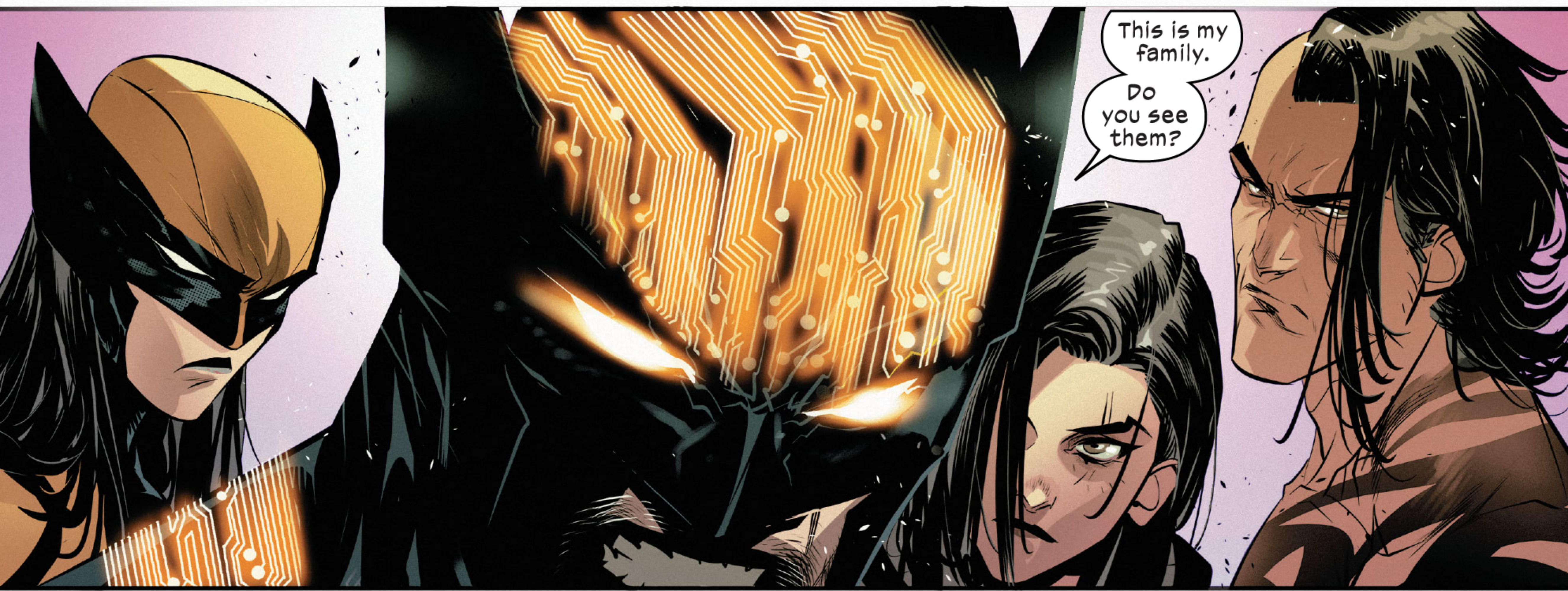


This is Laura.

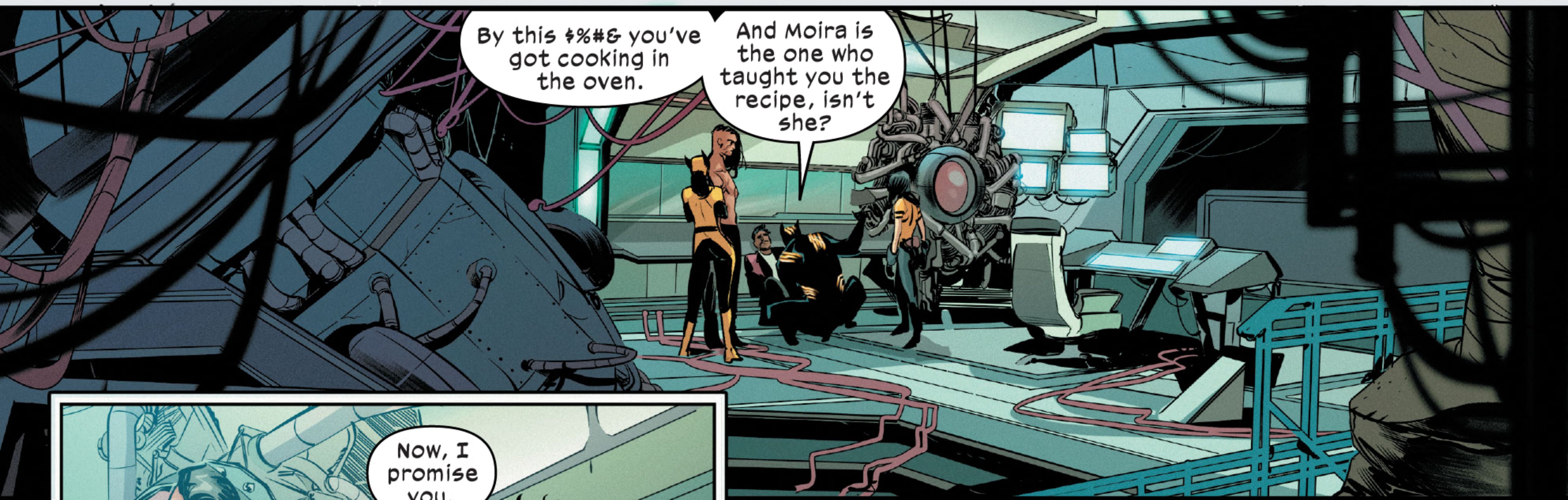
This is... Wolverine.

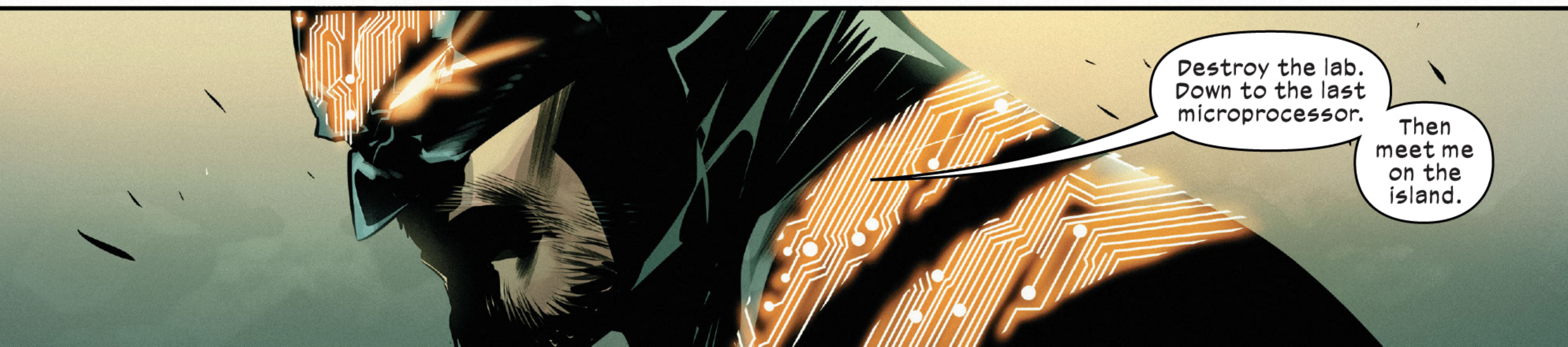
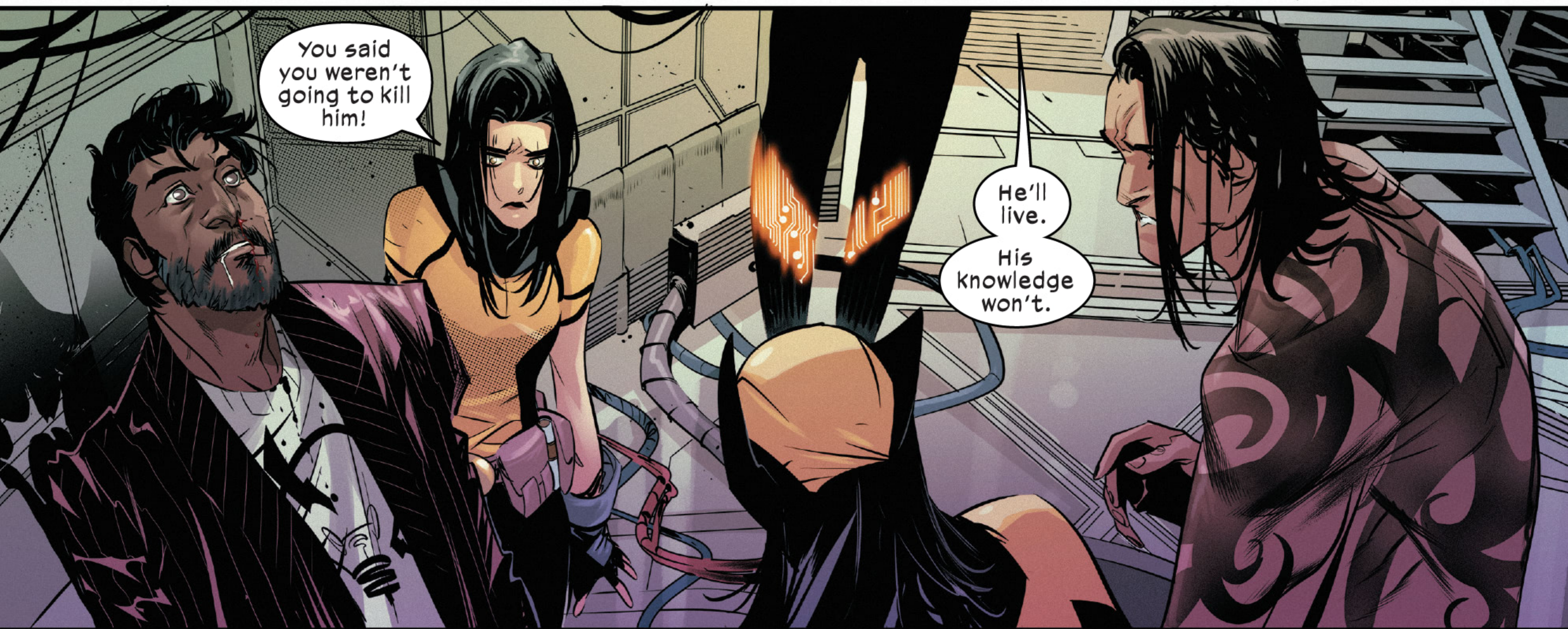


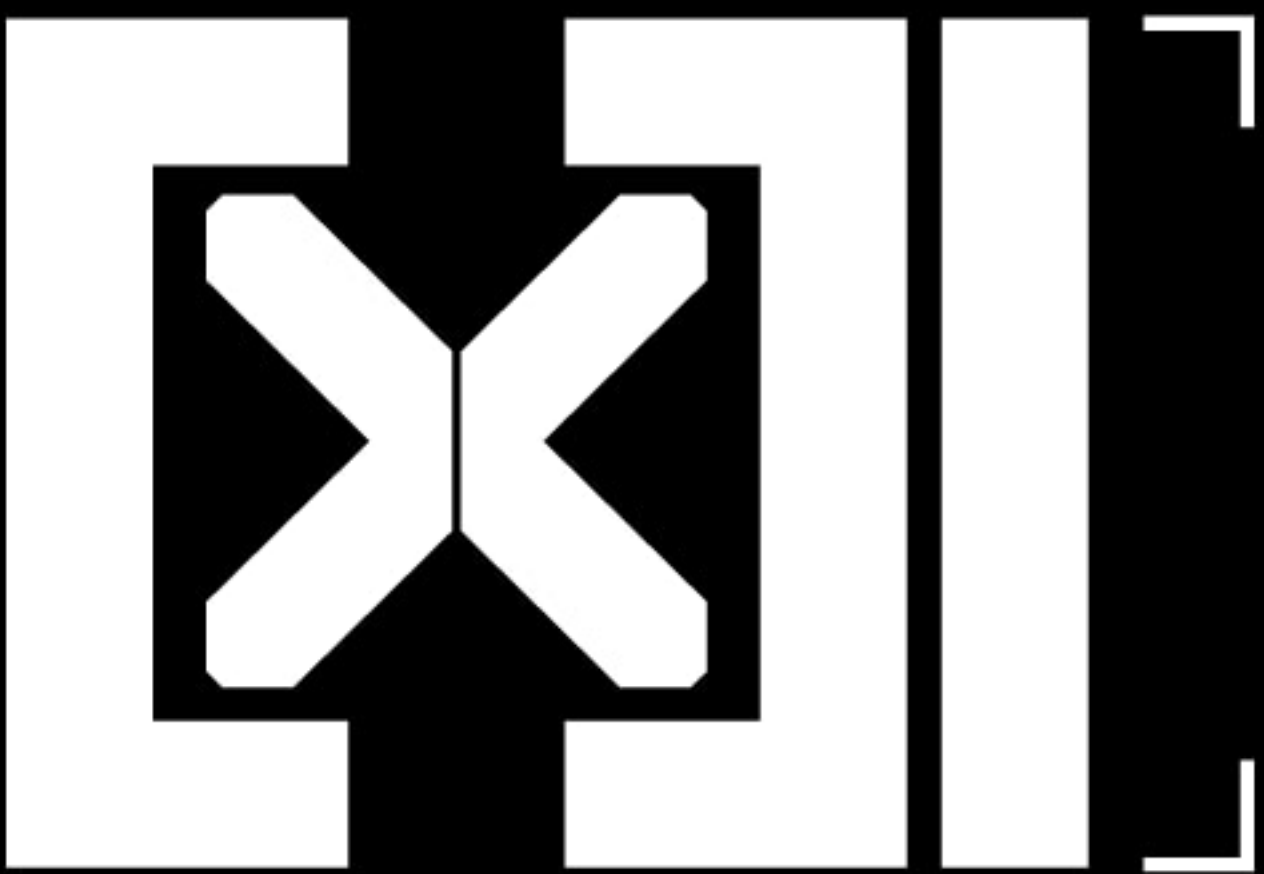
She's... tortured and experimented on for years as the *Homo novissima* harvest her skin and organs.



This is my family.
Do you see them?







SAGE’S LOGBOOK: AUDIO RECON

Vocal tag: Moira MacTaggert
 <cross-referenced with singing stone recordings>

Scanned: =336-hour window=
 :::towers:::
 :::satellites:::
 :::networks:::
 [positive identification]
 --collating: 24 cell phones--
 --location ping: O’Donnell’s Irish Pub--

Transcript:

MOIRA: >koff< Thanks for listening. >koff<

MOIRA: Thanks for coming at all, Banshee. >koff< Especially on such short notice.

BANSHEE: Of course, Moira. I still can’t hardly believe it’s you.

BANSHEE: I mean, it feels like we’ve known each other a thousand years. But now you’re saying -- I can’t quite process it -- that’s literally the case?

MOIRA: I know I’ve dropped a lot on you. What are you thinking?

BANSHEE: Don’t know. This is a lot. A lot to process.

MOIRA: Here’s the simple version. The good news is, I’m back.

MOIRA: The bad news is, I’m already dead. Anybody’s guess whether it’s the cancer or the mutants that gets me first.

MOIRA: Help me.

BANSHEE: I -- of course I’ll help you. But first you need a doctor. And I need to talk to --

MOIRA: No!

MOIRA: I’m past doctors. And this has to stay between you and me.

MOIRA: Will you help me get on the island? Tonight? Right #\$%^& now? Or not?

Krakoa.

If I've learned anything from my ten lives, it's to always have a contingency plan.

So after I left Arnab to his work...

...I chased down an old friend.

I'm sure Banshee would have eventually come around, but time isn't on my side.

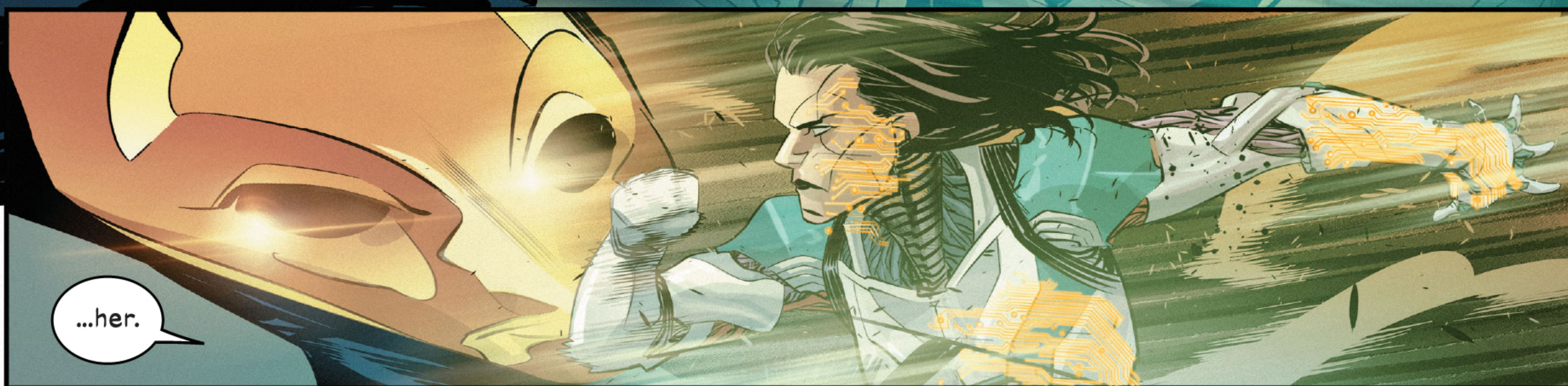
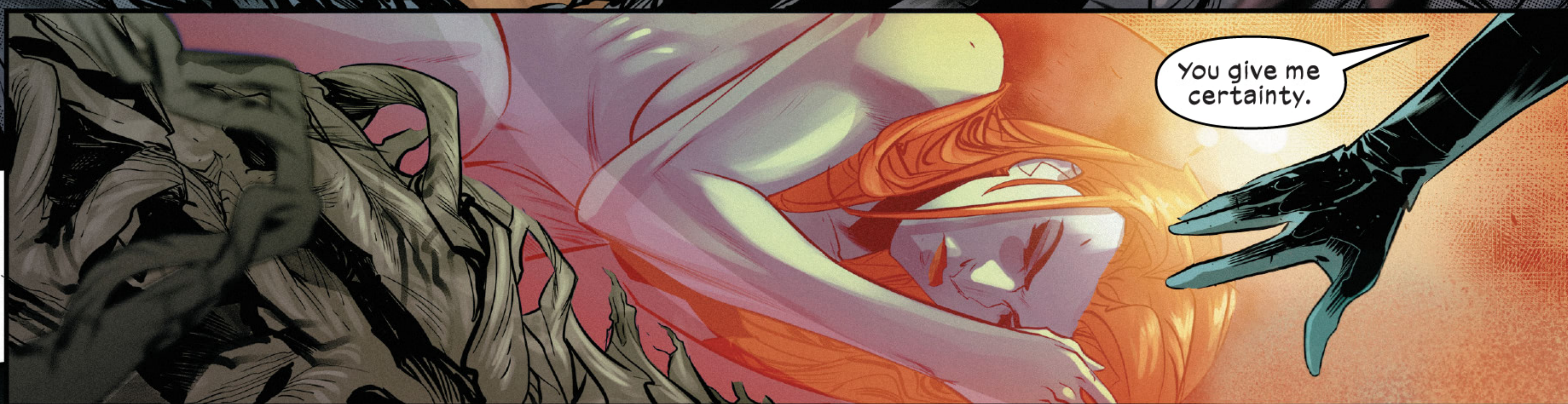
So I forced him to help.

My life is no longer disposable.

But theirs are.

Thanks for the help, old friend.

The Hatchery.
Krakoa.





The Armory.

I came here because of Forge.

KOIF
KOIF



His neutralizer gun stole my powers.*

KOIF
Heez
Heez
KOIF

*As seen in Inferno #4. --MB



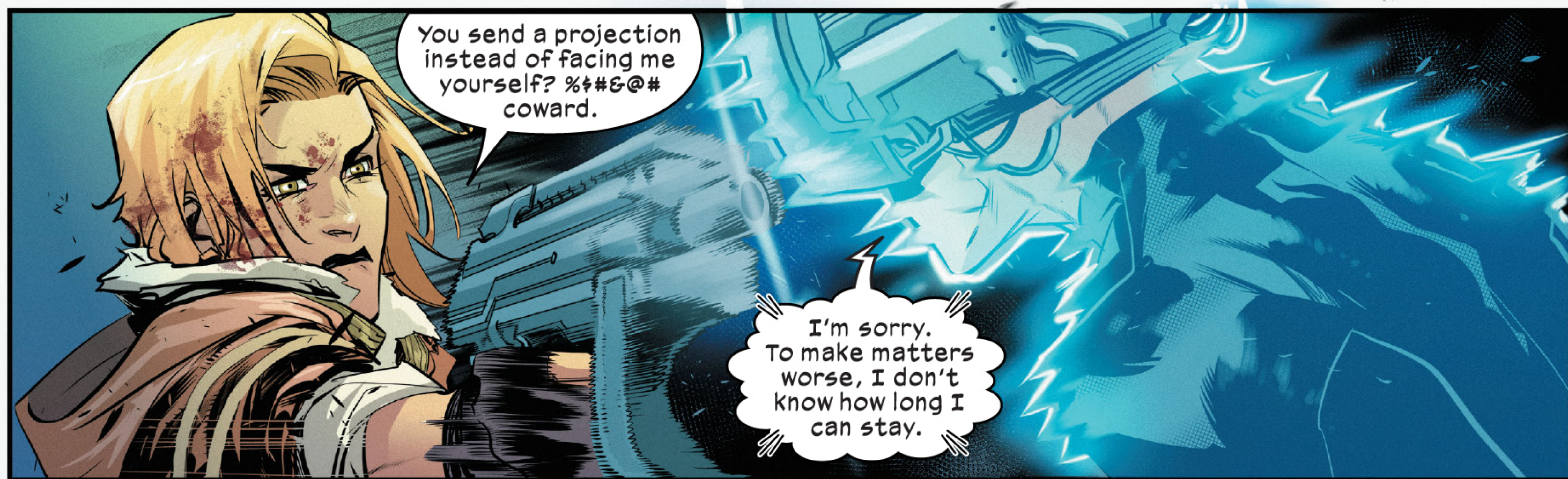
Heez
Wheez

Maybe it can give them back.



Then I'll end this timeline and begin another.

Moir.

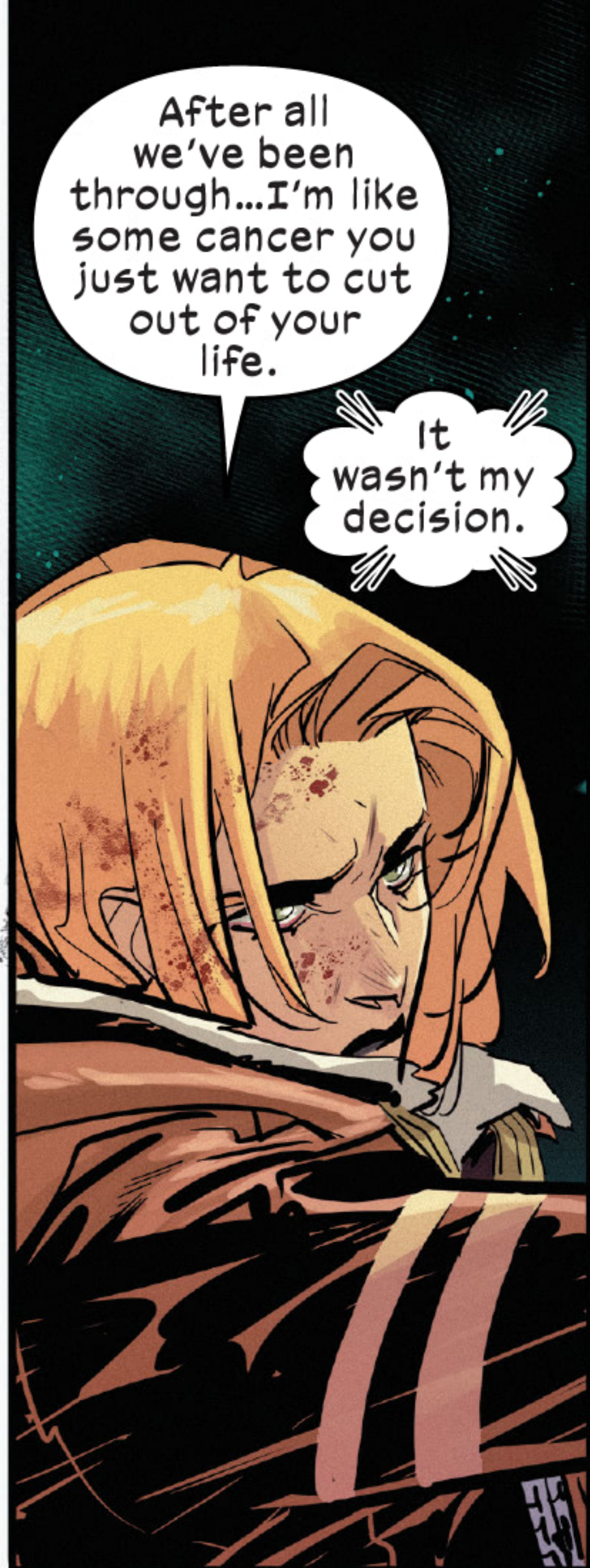


You send a projection instead of facing me yourself? %\$#@# coward.

I'm sorry. To make matters worse, I don't know how long I can stay.



You're not the only one in trouble.



After all we've been through...I'm like some cancer you just want to cut out of your life.

It wasn't my decision.



We created a government. A government I believe in.

My personal feelings don't outweigh the council's wisdom.



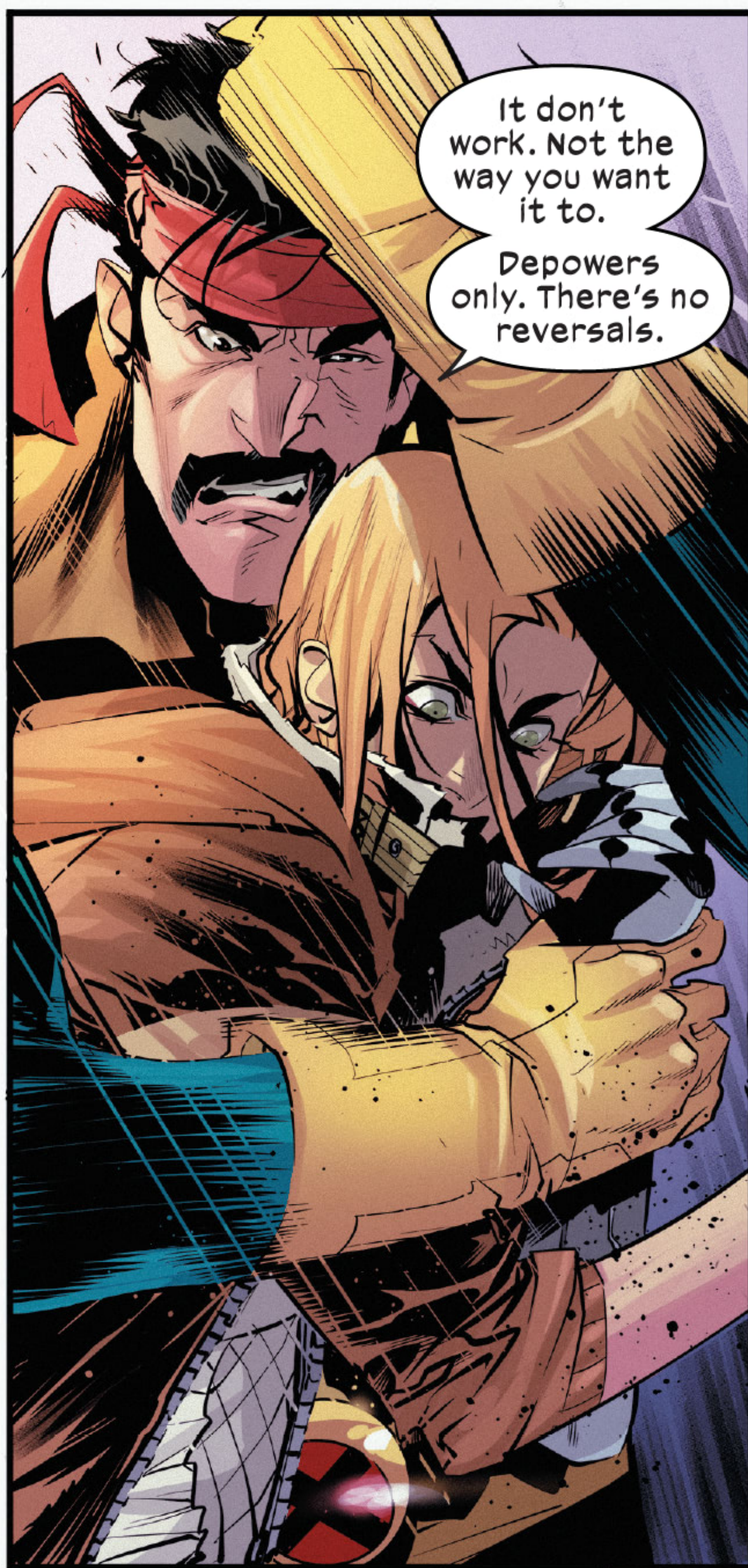
Remember, Moira--you never registered on Cerebro. Your memory has never been stored in the cradles.

This is it. *This* is your life. I beg you to guard it more carefully.



As a peace offering, I can offer you Krakoaan medicine.

Not only can you not be resurrected... but that neutralizer gun?



It don't work. Not the way you want it to.

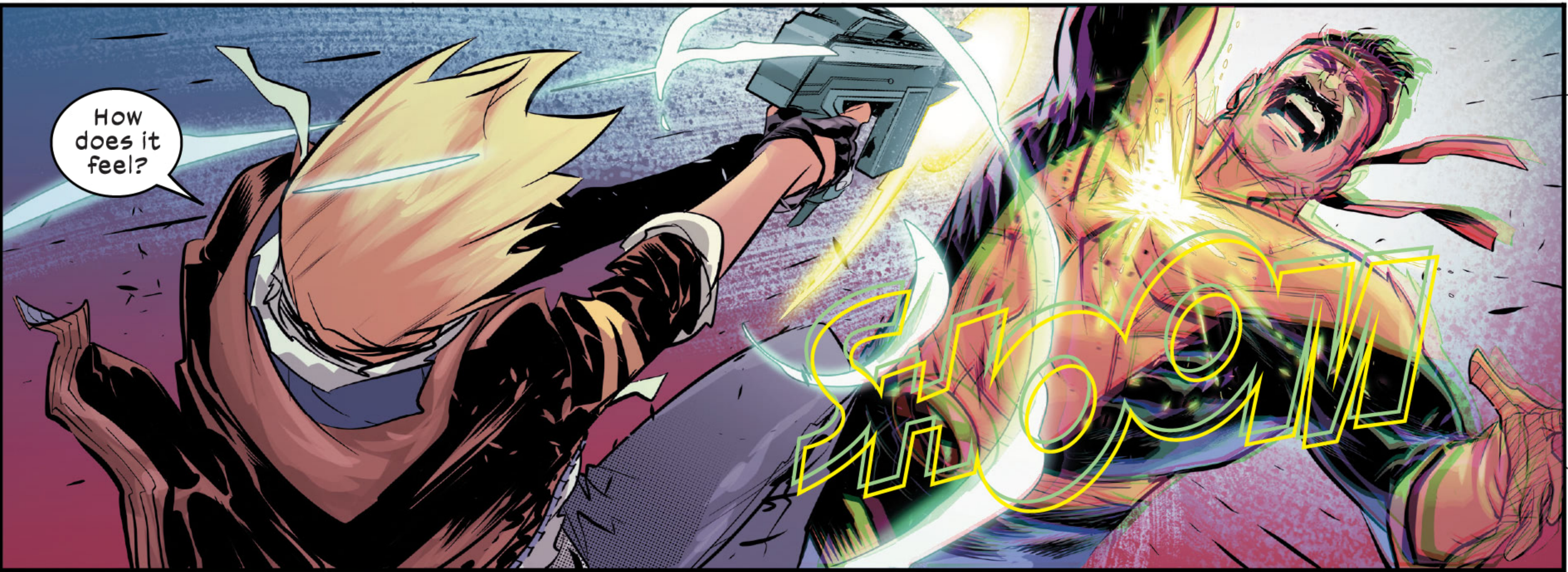
Depowers only. There's no reversals.



I made sure of that. Because we knew you'd come back.



She knew.



How does it feel?



Moirira... please...

To lose something that was central to you? Huh, Forge?



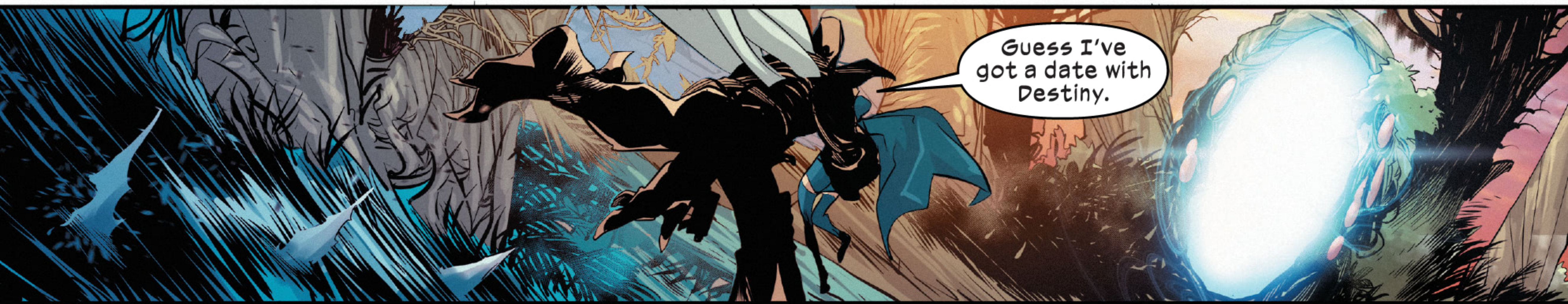
Soon you'll all know.



Because I'm going to burn this island.



And dance through the ashes.



Guess I've got a date with Destiny.



We had a rule. No precogs. It was a good rule.

Just look at the mess you've made of everything.



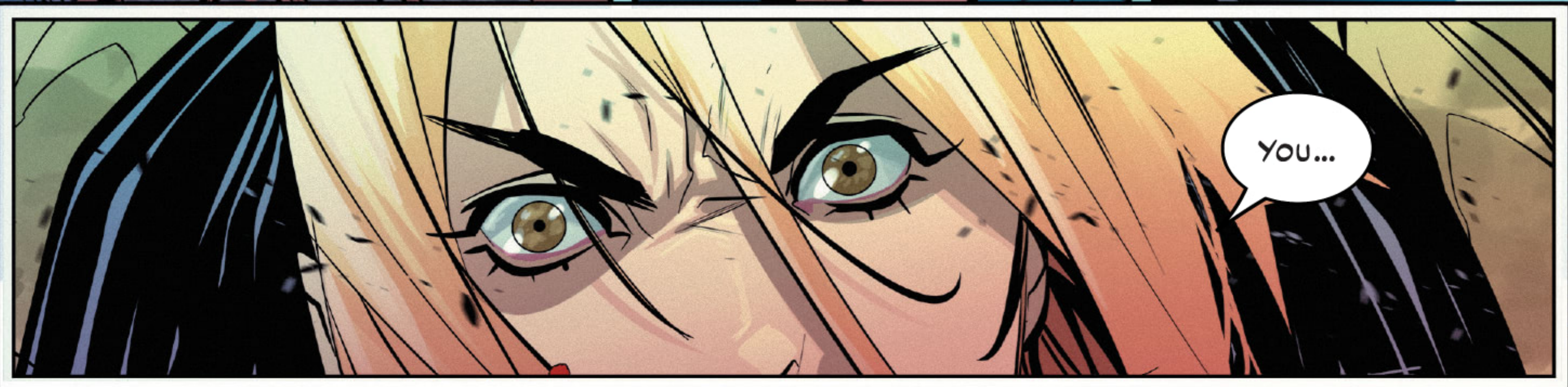
Everyone is trying to pin the blame on me, but it's you.

Mystique was the blade, but you're the hand that wielded it.



I don't know if I'm going to use you as a tool or a plaything, but we're going to be spending a lot of time together.

SNIKT



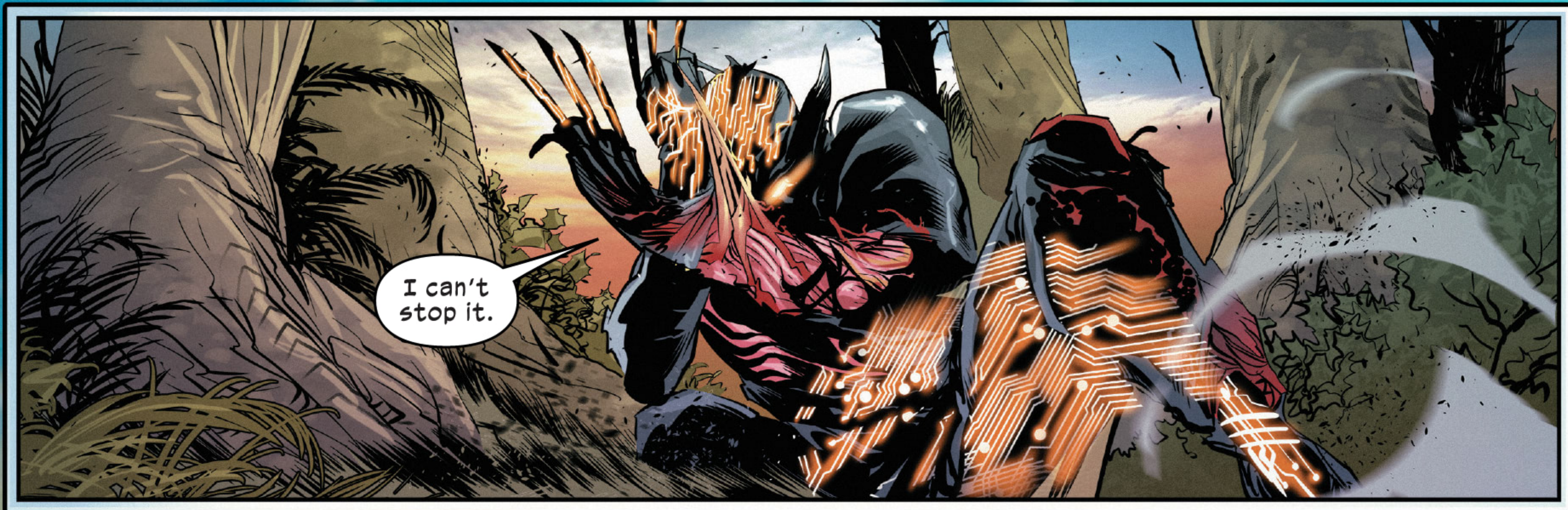
You...



It's over.

SKELT





COMING SOON:



THE KEY TO THE FUTURE
LIES IN THE PAST:

[kra_[0.0].....]
[koa_[0.0].....]
[00_X_DEATHS_.4]

	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #1:	WEEK 1
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #1:	WEEK 2
	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #2:	WEEK 3
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #2:	WEEK 4
	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #3:	WEEK 5
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #3:	WEEK 6
	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #4:	WEEK 7
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #4:	WEEK 8
	X LIVES OF WOLVERINE #5:	WEEK 9
	X DEATHS OF WOLVERINE #5:	WEEK 10

